

BALLYHOO

OCTOBER

15 CENTS



HE ALWAYS BROUGHT HOME PRESENTS ... AND AN ATTACK OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

IT was always a happy evening when dad got home from a trip. There were candy or flowers for mother—new toys for the youngsters—and something else that he wouldn't *intentionally* wish on the family for worlds.

In his shoes he carried home a stealthy infection that spread tiny, watery, peeling blisters and *itching* to every toe in the house.

Don't you infect others

You can pick up "Athlete's Foot" in the most spotless bathrooms and showers of the best hotels—in clubs or locker-rooms—anywhere that bare feet walk on wet floors. *And you can spread it in your own bathroom.*

Better examine your toes tonight. Is the skin turning red in spots? Are there blotches of dead white skin, stickily moist? Blisters? Skin cracks?

Start using Absorbine Jr. at once—for these are the warnings of "Athlete's Foot."

Absorbine Jr. kills the germ

"Athlete's Foot" is so difficult to kill that socks must be *boiled* fifteen minutes to kill the germs once lodged there.



Don't try to curb
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
with cheap substitutes
Delays can be dangerous

Laboratory tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached, without harming delicate tissues. Clinical tests also prove its effectiveness.

Don't risk imitations! Beware of weak and worthless imitations which have flooded the market to trade upon the proved success of Absorbine Jr. When you fail to stop "Athlete's Foot" it can run into even more dangerous infections. Thousands of grateful letters say Absorbine Jr. gets results. All druggists sell it, \$1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 416 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.*

ABSORBINE



JR.

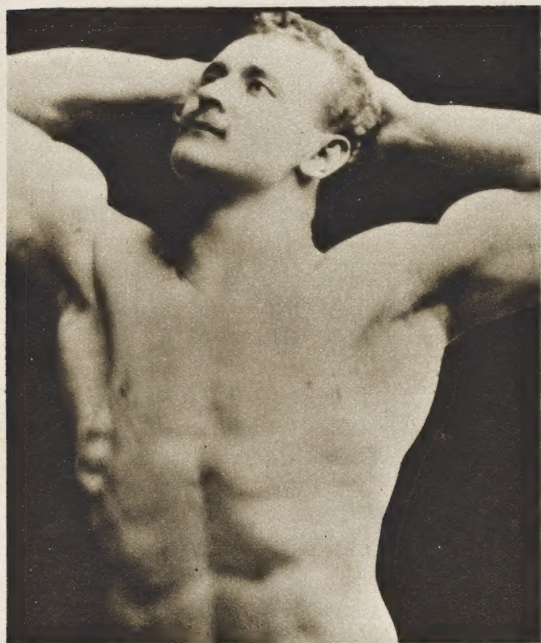
For SUNBURN, Too!

For broken, burning skin, Absorbine Jr. is cooling and healing. Not greasy. Pleasant to use.

For years has relieved sore muscles, bruises, aches, burns, cuts, abrasions, sprains, sleeplessness

*There are
no nudes
but good
nudes...
at the*
**NOODLE
NUDIST
COLONY**

*The Camp of
Contented Nudes*



One of Our Noodle Nudists Wearing the Distinguished Service Medal for Bravery in the Pasture

THROW off your inhibitions, your shirt and pants at the Noodle Nudist Colony. Get back and front to Nature.

No cover charge at any time.

Bareback riding . . . Mosquito shooting . . .
Peek-a-boo and "I spy."

Valet in attendance (but he isn't very busy).
Just say to your friends, "I'll be seeing you
at the Noodle Colony."

BALLYHOO, October, 1933, Vol. 5, No. 3. Published monthly and copyrighted by the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President and Treas.; H. Meyer, Vice-Pres.; M. Delacorte, Sec'y. Chicago Advertising Office, 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter June 22, 1931, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under an act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscriptions \$1.50. Single copies 15c. Price in England 1/- a copy; subscription 13/6 the year post free. Other foreign subscriptions \$2.50 a year. Sole foreign agents: The International News Company, 5 Breams Building, London, E.C. 4, England. Ballyhoo does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



Solved!

The Nudist's Greatest Problem

HAVE you been embarrassed when camping in the nude to discover that you had no place to put your cigarettes, matches, speakeasy cards and other small objects? Lack of pockets, up to now, has been one of the greatest

drawbacks to Nudism, but Homer J. Burp, inventor of the Vacuo-Suction Pocket, came to the rescue!

The Vacuo-Suction Pocket, sticks to any part of your anatomy and does not affect your visibility.

On Sale at all Nude-Supply Shops

BURP VACUO-SUCTION POCKET



"Oh boy! Th' best fall I ever had!"





"Pardon me—can you tell me if there's a nudist colony in this neighborhood?"

NUDE MANOR

Take off your pants
and stay awhile



GIRLS, ATTENTION

*Keep your
figure with
a*

SEVUE

INVISIBLE
CORSET

*Made of trans-
parent cellofane*



The Nudist's Delight

THE SEVUE is made of the best transparent cellofane, so is completely invisible. To the eyes of your fellow-

campers you are as nude as they are, yet how they will marvel at your chic figure! The SEVUE is also mosquito and insect-proof.

"You just don't know she wears one."

SEVUE

INVISIBLE
CORSET

OUR SUGGESTION FOR A BEER ADVERTISEMENT

We think we make
a wonderful Beer,

Buy

Y U

are the one

to Judge It

DANDY-BEER



BALLYHOO

Edited by Norman Anthony

Published by Geo. T. Delacorte, Jr.



"The Nudist Camp, James."



"But, Henry, you said we were going to a Dude Ranch!"



"I hope you'll pardon my appearance. I have a bad cold."



"She insists upon being carried down a ladder!"

"This is Mr. Jones, one of our new members."



"I probably look terrible. Brown isn't my color."



DIARY OF A NUDIST

Written on birch bark and found in
an old beer bottle in the Catskills

AUGUST 1: Arrived at Camp Bare-view. My first view of a nudist camp. *Must control tendency to blush.* Will keep clothes on for time being.

AUGUST 2: Removed coat, vest, necktie. Am now a Junior Nudist. Met charming girl to-day. Hope she doesn't think I stared at her.

AUGUST 3: Removed shirt to-day. Met another charming girl. Wonder what she looks like with her clothes on.

AUGUST 4: Removed socks and shoes. Never knew gravel was so sharp. Stepped on small nail. Ordered case of arnica. Must prepare for future.

AUGUST 5: Removed pants!

AUGUST 6: Removed underclothes. At last I am a real nudist! I feel like a new man, I mean a nude man.

AUGUST 7: Slight trouble with sunburn. Must remember to stay in shade. *And is my back red!?*

AUGUST 8: Amateur Theatricals to-day. We put on Shakespeare's "*Much Ado About Nothing*." No trouble about costumes. We didn't wear any.

AUGUST 9: Big poker party to-day. "*Dress Poker*." What excitement! I lost, and was completely dressed when the game ended! (*Was I embarrassed?!!!!*)

AUGUST 10: Met the ONE GIRL for me. I must see more of her—if that is possible. Asked her if she had anything on for tomorrow. She said "no." It's a date.

AUGUST 11: Went hiking with THE girl. Her name is Lizzie. *She has cute ankles!* I couldn't keep my eyes off them. I hope we didn't meet any poison ivy.

AUGUST 12: We did meet poison ivy. At least I did. But it was worth it to meet Lizzie. Gosh, how I itch. I wonder if I am falling in love.

AUGUST 13: Laid up in bed to-day. That poison ivy is serious. Lizzie came to see me. She has a mild case of it too. Hurrah, we have something in common. Lizzie has pretty hands.

AUGUST 14: Up and about to-day. Sat on thistle in the forenoon and felt lots livelier. Went fishing with Lizzie. Fish didn't bite, but black flies did.

AUGUST 15: Went bare-back riding with Lizzie. Horses' backs were bare and so were ours. Lizzie has a wonderful seat.

AUGUST 16: Ate meals off mantel to-day. Lizzie was sympathetic. She is wonderful! Told her she should go on the stage, but she said she was too modest for the work. I believe she is right.

AUGUST 17: Went for short auto trip. Stripped the gears at once. Force of habit. Caught a glimpse of pretty girl fully clothed. *Boy, what long skirts!* What a kick I got out of it! She stared at me too. Lizzie was jealous.

AUGUST 18: Didn't see Lizzie to-day. Bumped into hornet's nest. Stung four times.

AUGUST 19: Had serious talk with Lizzie. Was about to propose when we discovered we were sitting on ant hill. Better luck next time. Wonder what's good for ant bites.

AUGUST 20: Moonlight canoe ride with Lizzie. Mosquitoes were bad. Came home early. Gosh, it's great to get behind the screens. *Lizzie has insects appeal.*

AUGUST 21: Went for another hike. Fourteen thorn scratches, three bee stings, one stubbed toe, two million small bites. Quite a day. Must order another case of arnica.

AUGUST 22: Rain to-day. Hail storm in afternoon. Am covered with pink spots where hail stones struck. So is Lizzie. Told her they were becoming to her.

AUGUST 23: Rain continued. Wet all day. Should a nudist carry an umbrella? Must look it up in nudist handbook.

AUGUST 24: Have caught cold. So has rest of camp. Bothered about how to carry handkerchiefs. Lizzie in bad mood.

AUGUST 25: Received bad news to-day. It seems my garment business is on the rocks. I wonder why. Camp breaks up tomorrow. Back to work soon.

AUGUST 26: Camp over. Everybody dressing. Feel awkward in pants again. I blushed for myself. Shoes much too small for feet.

AUGUST 27: Disappointed in Lizzie. A bad dresser. Four years behind the times. Wears flat heels. Cotton stockings. She says I look terrible. Says she had impression I was well dressed man. Silly sort of girl. Old fashioned. Decided not to look her up this fall. Tore up her telephone number.

AUGUST 28: Caught glimpse of another nudist camp on way to the city. *Not a stitch on the girls!* Oh, Boy! Must come out this way sometime with telescope and look them over.



"What's the matter? Didn't you ever see a Bearded lady before?"





"Promise you
won't look!"

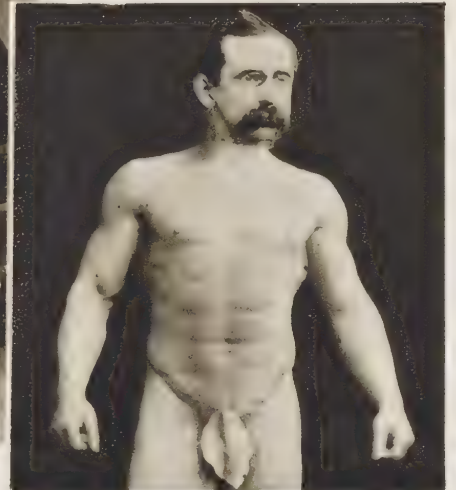
"And she told me she was visiting her aunt in Rochester!"



Ballyhoo's Nuda



Left: New members waiting to "take off" at "Naked Acres." Note the expectant look on the gent at the left.



Elmer Zilch, famous editor who has become an ardent nudist. "Why pay \$6.60 for Follies tickets?" said the salacious sage.

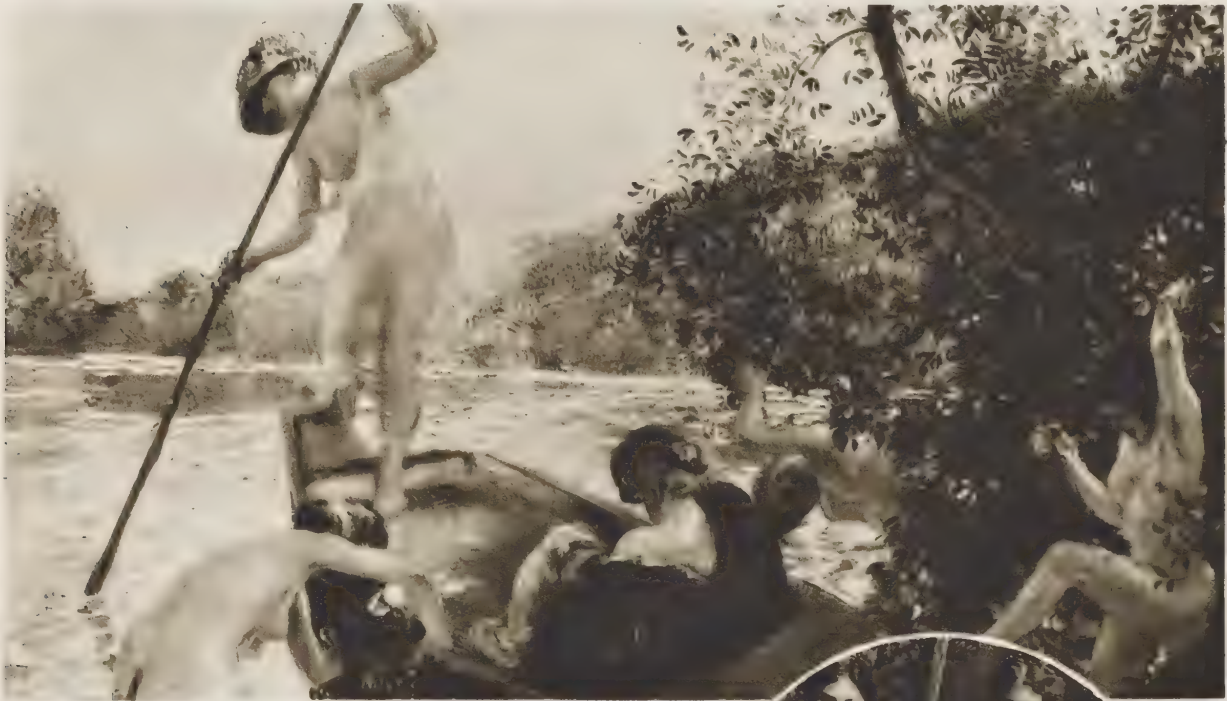


*It's the shadow!
A merry nudist
running to meet
her husband (or
somebody else's).*

Below: Mrs. De Puyster Poople, well-known society belle, leaving her Park Avenue home for a nudist camp.



Graure Section



"Anchors aweigh!" cry the Newport nudists as they set forth for a day's strip down the river.

Right: Two little girls from the Nudist School at Bare Mountain. Their favorite song is "Why Not Take Shawl Off Me."



Below: One of the merry campers playing the nudist theme song, "You're an old Smoothie."



Right: Mrs. P. Vanderburp, Jr., departing for a nudist camp. Mrs. Vanderburp's horse awaits without, and so do her neighbors.





"Hello, dear—something unexpected turned up on this job, so I won't be home till late!"

The ANTI-NUDE LEAGUE of AMERICA

Our Motto: "Keep Your Shirt On!"

Anti-nude Protest Sweeps Nation as Nude Camp Knot-holes Are Sealed



Miss Hattie Coverall, first Vice-President in charge of petticoats of the A.N.L.A.

"Nudism is a menace," says Miss Coverall, whose father is a prominent textile manufacturer. "It will break up the American home. Instead of buying food for his family the wage earner will spend his money for nudist club dues and naughty goings on. Nudism must be stamped out, root and branch."



CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Mr. Hiram Twopants, leading garment manufacturer and Chairman of the Board of the A.N.L.A.

Mr. Twopants believes that nudism should be punishable by a fine of \$50,000.00 or imprisonment for life or both. "If I had my way," he states, "clothing would be compulsory for all, and every man would be forced to buy an extra suit for Sundays."



OUR PRESIDENT
Miss Bettina Bustle, President of the A.N.L.A.

"A woman's figure is at its best when fully clothed," says Miss Bustle. "I wouldn't go about in the nude if you paid me."



(Right): THE A.N.L.A.
SALUTE

On meeting a fellow member in the woods the A.N.L.A. member gives the League salute by raising the skirt a trifle to show the voluminous garments underneath, thus proving that she has no intention of going nudist.

(Left): THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
Standing: Mr. Waistcoat, Mr. Underthing. Sitting: Miss Brassiere, Miss Seanty, and Miss Foundation.

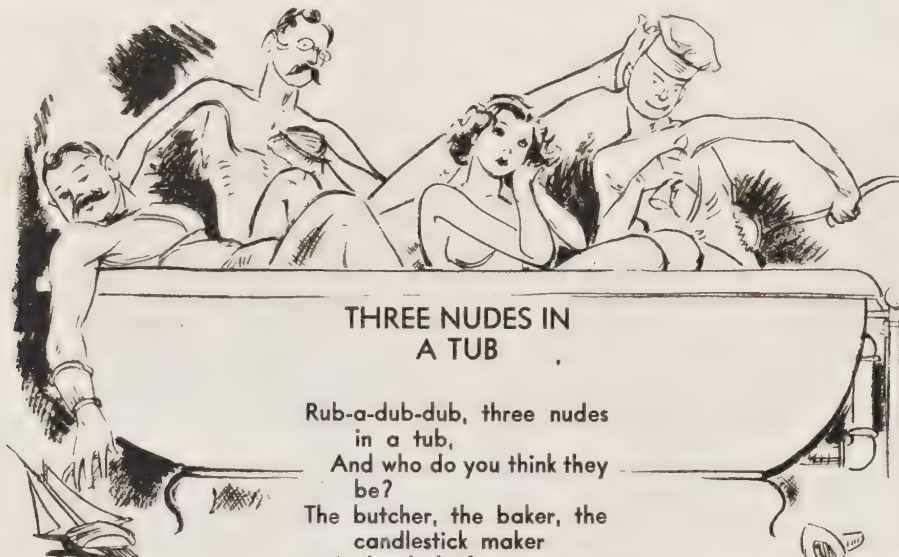
All these men and women have taken the pledge never to appear in public in the nude, however great the temptation.



BALLYHOO'S NUDIST

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To join a nudist party.
Jill said, "I guess I'll take off my
clothes,"
And Jack came tumbling after.



THREE NUDES IN A TUB

Rub-a-dub-dub, three nudes
in a tub,
And who do you think they
be?
The butcher, the baker, the
candlestick maker
And a lady for company.



THREE NUDE MEN

Three nude men, see how
they run,
They all ran after the farm-
er's wife
'Til the farmer came with
a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a sight
in your life,
As three nude men?



MARY WAS A LITTLE NUDE

Mary was a little nude,
Her skin was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary
went
The boys were sure to go.
She went that way to school
one day,
Which was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and
play
To see a nude in school.



MOTHER GOOSE

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a girl and couldn't keep
her.

He took her to some nudist
cults
And then at last he got
results.

JACK SPRATT

Jack Spratt was very fat,
His wife was very lean,
They both went to a nudist
camp,
(Let's keep the picture
clean.)

THERE WAS A NUDE IN OUR CULT

There was a nude in our cult
And he was full of ants,
He jumped into a briary bush
And there put on his pants,
And when he saw his pants
were on,
He wept with might and
main,
And jumped into the briary
bush
And took them off again.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come blow
your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
the cow's in the corn,
Where is the boy who minds
the sheep?
He's down at the nude cult
taking a peep.



"She has blue eyes and blonde hair."



GODIVA GABLES

Dangerous Curves
Ahead



"You can just stay outside
until you make up your
mind!"



"Clotheshorse!"

CW
ANDERSON



"Nice bottom there, Abner."

RALPH
FULLER



BAREVIEW BEACH

Basking Parties
Welcome



"She's sort of queer—goes in for nudism!"

B. O.

A Hair-raising Detective Story in Which Old Sleuth MORTIMER ZILCH Uncovers Odorous Scandal in Lifeless Buoy Factory

Chapters 1 and 3

All was not well at the Lifeless Buoy Factory.

For months, Old B. O. Blushbottom, its president, had heard furnished rumors that something was amiss: Twombly Tukes, first five Vice Presidents, thought so too, but Old B. O. Blushbottom himself avowed he smelt a rat.

And so it was at the last board meeting, an agreement had been arrived at whereby Old Sleuth Zilch had been engaged.

"Let's have the best, money can buy," had said Twombly Tukes. "If anybody can detect an odor, he's the man. Wasn't it he who had tripped over the Athlete's foot in the Absorbine factory?"

And so it was that on a bright crisp October morning, none other than Elmer Zilch had been installed. "Find the girl with B. O., and you may write your own ticket," said Blushbottom.

Chapters 16 to 25

Zilch sniffed the air: three distinct sniffs in rapid succession: sniff! sniff!! sniff!!!

"The old nostrils ain't what they used to be," he complained. "But we gotta get to the bottom of this at that."

"You put your finger on it that time, chief," said his assistant, and fourth cousin Homer Zilch who, if you will remember, had helped him run down the man who had coughed in a carload of Bold Golds and forced them off the Gold Standard.

"Sniff, and double it," repeated Old Elmer Zilch, suiting the action to the word.

Chapters 12 to 23

"Would that the ol' factory glands were working in the old factory to-night," he regretted.

"Scenting to-night
Scenting to-night

Scenting on the old vamp grounds," sang Homer.

"There's something rotten not only in the state of Denmark, but here in the Old Lifeless Buoy works," rasped Zilch.

"There's more here than meets the nose," carped Homer.

"Begob and begorrah, could it be a dead body under the floors at all at all," he continued, slipping easily and for no reason at all into the Celtic.

Chapters 5 to 56

For answer, Old Elmer Zilch was on his knees in a tricycle and with fiendish delight and a crowbar, tore the flooring from garret to attic.

"There's nothing here," he snarled. But still the aroma persisted.

Chapters 34 to 87

"There's something rotten in the state of Denmark," hissed Zilch into his cravat.

"You said that before," Homer flung back at him.

For answer Elmer threw him a dirty look.

Chapters 11 to 14

A week passed and Old Sleuth Elmer Zilch sat in the gold and mahogany offices of The Lifeless Buoy Company. One look at his smiling face would convince the most anti-septic that he had something up his sleeve.

Chapters 22 to 44

In a moment all was stir and bustle, although the bustle had gone out with the bloomer.

"Goodmorning, goodmorning, goodmorning." It was Old Blushbottom speaking.

Chapters 33 to 55

Slowly and in single file the ten thousand girls dressed in the factory uniform: silk stockings and lace bras were passing before the eagle eye of the Old Sleuth. Some one among them was off color and had flung a blot on the Old Escutcheon.

Chapters 37 to 57

With nostrils dilated to breaking point, Zilch and Zilch ie: Elmer and Homer sniffed as the girls passed in review and poured upon them the horsepower of their luminous eyes and fresh healthy shins . . . and as they passed, Elmer was seen to slink lower and lower till his haunches all but touched a new low.

Chapters 72 to 91

Outside a bird sang, and from afar one could hear The Old Lady Upstairs romping with her children on a kiddie program. All nature seemed awash in peacefulness.

"Zdeath!" Elmer Zilch uttered the epithet and like an echo in the valley it was flung back at him by Homer, "Zdeath" . . . there remained but seven girls. Surely the master hadn't missed his guess and yet . . .

Suddenly he bit his lips till the alcohol ran. He ground his teeth till the plate broke . . . but . . .

Chapters 69 to 109

"Stop!" The shout rang out like the crackle of well-chewed celery. "You," he rasped and pointed a long and accusing finger at the President Old B.O. himself "You!" he hissed!

—George Mitchell



CULT COTTAGE

A Site
for Sore Eyes



"Well, I see you've still got your nose
to the grind stone."



"He's making a non-stop flight
around the world."



"Are you the party that ordered a
motor boat?"



"I couldn't find my ukulele."



"Excuse me, lady, I thought it was your water wings."



"This is the coolest theatre in town, but they always have the hottest pictures."



"The General is here, Madam!"





GOLDFISH GROVE

No
Privacy Assured

"Towser, if we ever get home,
that press agent of mine is go-
ing to be looking for a new
job!"



The diver who tried to be
too fancy.

Chile's
NEW
RESTAURANT
THE **NUDIST**

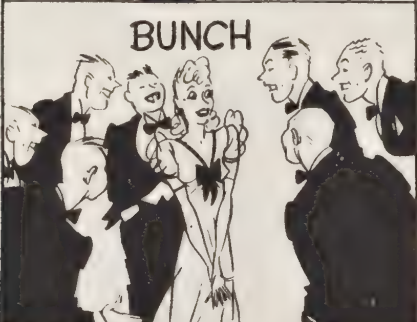


ADLAFFS

BALLYHOO PAYS \$10 FOR EACH ADLAFF PRINTED

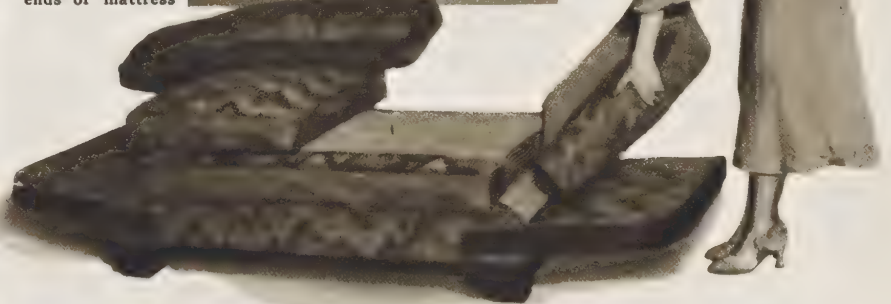
"REGULAR" FOLKS

BY JAMES H. HARRIS



Who'd a thunk it! All a gal's gotta do to get the guys crazy about her is take a physisic.

LOVE SEAT ALSO A BED
By pressure on a lever, this love seat is easily turned into a comfortable bed as may be seen in the lower photo. The ends drop down and the cushions build up ends of mattress



The prosecution rests!

HAWAII

IN SUMMER...

A page from National Geographic showing that even the people in the ads suffer from wanderlust.



Shut your books and open your eyes

This is the ad —

—and this is on the package!

BE A MAGICIAN

FREE — FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY!
36-PAGE ILLUSTRATED MAGIC BOOK OF CIGARETTE, CARD, AND COIN TRICKS. EVERY TRICK A WINNER! NO TIRESOME PRACTICE NEEDED. SEND ORDER-BLANK AT RIGHT AND FRONTS FROM 5 CAMEL PACKS.

Don't look for premiums or coupons, as the cost of the tobaccos blended in CAMEL Cigarettes prohibits the use of them.

MANUFACTURED BY
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C., U.S.A.

NO TRICKS IN CAMELS...JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS



COOLS YOU
ALL OVER

7° Cooler Breeze
AT LESS COST

with the

Guthfan

Business men and office people can work at top speed and highest efficiency despite hottest weather. IF quarters are equipped with the GUTHFAN (patented in 11 nations)—the new fan invention that works on a REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLE.



● WHEN THE THRILL of a brilliant saber bout brings the crowd to its feet, and you know that you are excited, tense—light up a Camel and learn for yourself how true it is that Camels are the cigarette for steady smoking.

What'ya mean "brings the crowd to its feet!"



Note clock on the wrong side of bed in second picture. Either he got into his wife's twin bed or he moved the table in his sleep.

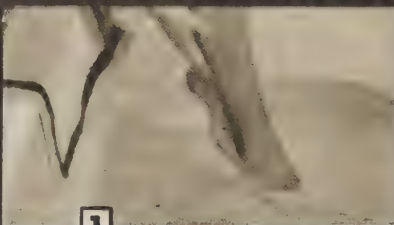


Pain Stops Instantly!

CORNS

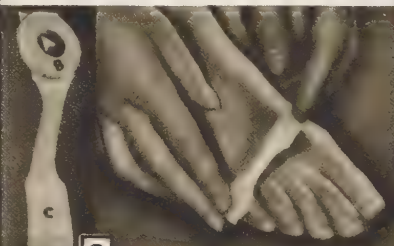
Gone in 3 days

THIS SAFE, SCIENTIFIC WAY



1

SOAK THE FOOT for ten minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.



2

APPLY BLUE-JAY, centering pad directly over the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS: A is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn. B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once. C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.



3

AFTER 3 DAYS, corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out the corn. (Old, tough corns may need a 2nd application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action).

BEST TRICK OF THE MONTH!
The little lady puts the Blue-Jay on her right foot and 3 days later she takes it off her left!



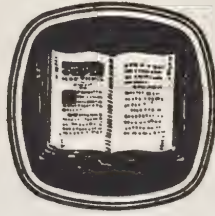
**Don't Kill
Your Wife**

LET A PRIMA WASHER
DO THE DIRTY WORK

THE OLD-FASHIONED WASH BOARD
WILL SURELY SHORTEN HER LIFE

Sale! Prima Electrics

For Mature Readers, Sophisticated Scholars,
BOOK COLLECTORS



AMATORY CURIOSA

OF ALL RACES ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL

*Send for free interesting catalogues of Privately Printed Books in De Luxe Limited Editions on
Scientific Sexualia, Anthropological Esoterica
Unexpurgated Love Classics Exotically Illustrated*



All FALSTAFF scientific and anthropological books on the Sexual and Love Relations of Mankind are enthralling and highly informative documents, without exception by authorities of international repute. That is why the FALSTAFF list of permanent subscribers reads like a Who's Who of America's Sophisticated Intellectual Aristocracy.

If you want to join these, please fill in blanks below for free catalogue.

DEPT. 6-B. H.

Name

Address

City

State

Age

230
FIFTH
AVENUE

30

FALSTAFF PRESS
NEW YORK

230
FIFTH
AVENUE

\$2
VISIT ATLANTIC CITY
.50 Daily
WITH 3 FINE MEALS



The MADISON
from \$32.50 WEEKLY



The JEFFERSON
from \$30 WEEKLY



The MONTICELLO
from \$20 WEEKLY

OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT
FOR BOOKLETS & INFORMATION

FEINER & HOLLINGER
ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY



Robert Winsmore, well-known writer, using the new TYPEWRITER LAP-TABLE invented by Norman Anthony, editor of BALLYHOO

The New TYPEWRITER LAP-TABLE

Can be used with any
Easy Chair or Couch

Delivered \$15.00

(W. of Mississippi—\$18.00)

Wm. H. Berri

108 E. 48th St., New York City

Our Eagle Eye Department

**Ballyhoo pays \$2.00 apiece
for each one printed.**

Sign seen on Stanley Theatre,
Poughkeepsie, Pa.

**"CONSTANCE BENNETT IN 'A
BED OF ROSES,' WITH JOEL
MC CREA AND JOHN HALLIDAY."**

From the N. Y. Daily Mirror

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Where does the governess or children's nurse usually eat?

Answer—She usually eats with the children, but she lunches with the family and frequently dines with her employers.

The lady must be a bit overfed.

"Frequent water-drinking," says Gladys Glad, "prevents you from becoming stiff in the joints." Yes, but some joints don't serve water.—Edinburg (Texas) Valley Review.

From "Newspaper Institute of America" advertisement: "A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them is responsible for this instruction."

Isn't it time they retired?



10¢ A DAY BUYS A NEW REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

Special 10-Day Free Trial Offer

Think of it! You can buy a new standard Remington Portable Typewriter for but 10¢ a day. Standard keyboard. Small and capital letters. Beautiful finish. Carrying case included free. Big help in school work. Write today. Say: Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Portable typewriter on your special 10-day free trial offer for but 10¢ a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. BH-1, Buffalo, N. Y.



**Make Your Own...
INSTANTLY
ACCURATELY**

with
**"CLOVER"
RYE OR GIN**

(FLAVORS)

●Clover non-alcoholic GIN and RYE flavors have been used for 35 years by establishments who "know."

●Now for the first time "Clover" flavors are offered in sealed cellophane wrapped packages, each bottle containing one ounce of absolutely pure, highly concentrated essence, sufficient flavor for 20 full quarts (5 gallons) of the finished "product" . . . with that good old aged in the wood flavor!

ONE \$1 BOTTLE

MAKES FIVE GALLONS

●The dropper furnished with each bottle removes all guesswork as to proper proportions. To make one full quart, simply add 40 drops of flavor to whatever proportions of "ingredients" you habitually use . . . and there you are!

●Full directions with each bottle. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Don't delay . . . send today for the flavor you prefer!

MAIL THE COUPON NOW

WILLIAM BETSCH COMPANY
"Established 35 Years"
Dept. H5, 222 Greenwich St.,
New York City

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me, postage prepaid, one bottle of the "Clover" Flavor I have checked.

☐ RYE ☐ GIN
(Or \$2.00 for one bottle of each Flavor.)

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



Ballyhoo Yourself into a Job!

BALLYHOO'S CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING PAGE

Ballyhoo will print (free) short, clever advertisements. As space is limited, only the cleverest can be printed. Send your ads to Ballyhoo 100 5th Ave., New York City. Prospective employers may write to advertisers through Ballyhoo.

IN EXACTLY TWO WEEKS

The wolf will be at my door. But I've met him before. For five years, since my graduation from Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania, I have whipped him pretty badly as chief correspondent, analyst, office manager and junior executive for two large investment concerns. I'm a \$5000-a-year man—available during the next two weeks at a special 25 percent discount.—K. T. Orange, N. J.

BKZORUGTHPOPO—While you were wasting your time trying to figure that out Henry Ford made \$10,000. Give me a break. I'm 27 and can do tricks with words on a typewriter.—W. F. H., Gainesville, Fla.

EX-NEWSPAPER EDITOR, Ex-Columnist, Ex-Book Critic, Ex-Insurance Adjuster, wants job of work. And is that wolf at the door! Two kids and a wife who loves caviar.—R. K., N. Y. City.

I'LL CHISEL your phiz into a gold, silver, or bronze medallion. Send profile photo of face, or bust, and see if I care. Write for particulars (I'm not). Flattering free.—M. C., Forestville, Calif.

What I cannot do, cannot be done,
What cannot be done I can do.
The man above me knows it, too;
That's why I advertise for you.
Dear P. S.:—I've a B.A.
—A. G., Atlantic City, N. J.

Very ex-reporter, in discard prior to new deal, seeks reshuffle into newspaper or publicity racket. Avoids harsh irritants, platinum blondes, policemen and Chamber of Commerce statistics. Is constant contributor to national magazines (contributions not accepted). Been behind eight ball three years, desires change of scenery. Thumb in excellent condition. Will hitch-hike to any job open.—E. S., Dallas, Texas.

FAMILY SKELETONS JIGGLED

Your Innermost Secrets Exposed.
The spotlight of publicity.
"Brightens the Corner Where You Are."

See yourself as your neighbors see you.

I write the story—then go out and see it happen.

The truth—nothing but the truth—but not too darn much of it.

If its news I make it fit to print.
Correspondent extraordinary—Features by assignment or dumb luck.
Publicity campaigns without pain.
—E. R. D., New Britain, Conn.

Why work! I have everything. A mortgaged home, wife, children, creditors, old clothes. All I need is a place to hang my hat and think up clever publicity stunts for a gullible public. Have been used to living without money, so that is unimportant.—A. P., New York City.

I'm America's Worst Citizen and I Want a Job

I am a high-powered advertising man. I have been dealing out bunk, ballyhoo and bologna for fourteen years. I have helped greedy manufacturers dump the outpourings of their laboratories into the yawning bellies of a billion babies. I have perjured myself for hire and have crammed your gizzards, lungs and colons with everything from scented sawdust to denatured lacquer. I have cracked open your purses and savings accounts and made you like it. Heh! Heh! Heh!

When I get back to work I'll take what I missed the first time round. There's rich pickings ahead. If you want your share you are going to need me.—R. T. G., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Mac" For Rent or Sale—1903 Model

Used on Fifth Avenue (only) for five years, unlimited capacity, body and chassis especially built for big loads of Copyrighting, production and all phases of advertising, thoroughly overhauled, new tan paint job (By Jones Beach), very economical to run, with a new Gas Saver recently installed by the Minister and runs smoothly on all types of roads. Can be seen at Ballyhoo's Used Car Lot, Classified Desk.—T. M. G., New York City.

Yoo-Hoo! Cosmetic Advertisers—8 gtn

A. F. A. President says: "Advertising wants no more ballyhoo!"

Echo answers: "—LY-HOO-OO-OO-OOH-YEAHOO!"

PROVE IT!—you scramblers of techni-talk!

Fevvensakes, swim out of your literary dish water, get some new ideas, and beat the reformers to it.

Here's someone who knows Cosmetics from Factory to Face.—F. E. W., New York City.

New 1936 Model Advertising Contact Man. Three years ahead of nearest competitor. Equipped with shatter-proof enthusiasm. Plenty of power on the hills. Floating larynx provides a flood of silky, tremorless speech to lull prospects into a buying coma. Try any one you like, then drive an H. C. H. You'll realize the difference before he's gone a mile. Sixty-seven and a half inch Heel base. Linen, blue bordered windshield wiper, 50c extra. F.O.B. New York City.—H. C. H., Rochester, N. Y.

I read Ballyhoo (borrowed)
You read Ballyhoo (bought)

I write ad for ad-writing job
You read ad . . . send address.

I send qualifications,
You say: O. K., Hired.

I read Ballyhoo (bought)
You read Ballyhoo (bought)

Result: I.P.P. (Increased Purchasing Power).

P. S.:—My ads will appeal to I.P.P.—C. A. K., Lakewood, O.

Young woman, 24 years—count 'em. All mod. impr. Exp. adv. copy and publicity writer; also competent secretary and gen. office worker. Univ. and business coll. grad. Does not smoke, drink or swear (believe that, yuh sucker!). Ambitious, industrious and sober. Accept anything but dish washing. Will pay you at the end of the month. (Which month?—Don't ask such embarrassing questions.)—M. L. M., Hyattsville, Md.

A Salesman—honest I am. I've traveled forty states and know a lot of janes but never met a farmer's daughter. I've sold a lot of merchandise and can sell more, but I won't take one of these "I'll give you the sleeves out of my vest for your overcoat propositions. What will you offer?"—C. J. K., Darby, Pa.

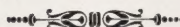
EXPERT SALESMAN—Can sell anything from toothpicks up to coffins; or even a dead horse to a mounted policeman. Too tired to watch other people work. Wasn't the depression terrible.—F. F., Johnstown, Pa.

Mr. College President: I promise not to tell your students or faculty that you read Ballyhoo regularly (although THEY all do!) if you will consider my application as teacher of Modern Languages and History of Art.—K. A. C., Lakewood, O.

Writers Attention!

BALLYHOO'S WORST SHORT STORY CONTEST

Ballyhoo wants to find out how bad a short short story can be. \$25.00 will be paid for each one printed. Here's your chance, authors!



HAVING read hundreds of short, short stories in our leading magazines, BALLYHOO is curious to see what the stories are like which have been rejected.

They must be terrible!

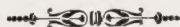
EACH month on this page, BALLYHOO will publish the *worst* short, short story submitted during the preceding month. \$25.00 will be paid for each story printed.

The worser the better!

IF you have any rejected stories kicking around, send them in. They may be worse than you think. Stories must *not* be longer than 1200 words.

You may use a nom de plume!

MANUSCRIPTS will not be returned unless a *stamped, addressed* envelope is enclosed. Stories *must* be typewritten. Send your manuscripts to the Worst Short Story Editor, BALLYHOO, 100 5th Ave., New York.



COME ON AUTHORS!

May the Worst Man Win!

